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EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

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Charles L. Moore
Editor



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TO DELINQUENTS.

Some time ago I wrote Mr. Hughes
to come to Cincinnati, and explain the
financial condition of the Blade to me.
He came yesterday and in looking
over the list I found over 2,000 in
arrears. Some of these, about 400, he
has carried for two years and over.
Now you know that paper and postage
cost money, that labor costs, that
Hughes has been clicking away at the
linotype while many of you have been
sleeping. All of this expense is a dead
loss if you do not pay him. Is this
just?

He can't afford to carry you longer.
Why should you expect it? I asked
him not to drop any one just yet, for I
don't want to see the prestige of the
paper lowered. You need the paper—
you would miss it if it did not come to
you. The paper needs you. It needs
your support. The contributors need
you. It takes the heart out of us when
we know that our writings go to only
a few.

Now won't you help the Blade out?
Won't you help keep the cause alive.
Never in our history have we made
such progress as we are making now.
Shall we let the fire smoulder, or keep
our lights shining bright and high.

I am satisfied most of you are in ar-
rears just from pure neglect. You
think time and again: "Now I'll send
that dollar the next time I go to the
office," and then you forget it. Now
put your thinking caps on. Don't drop
out; let us all stand together.

Hughes has a big exchange list. He
carries a free list of over 200 old peo-
ple who are unable to pay a cent and
to whom the Blade is a weekly com-
fort and happiness. All this costs.
Won't you help keep the Blade going
to these. He will have to drop all de-
linquents or drop the paper. I want
neither done. I feel that you will not
forget the when you go to the office
the next time. Yours sincerely,
J. B. WILSON.

How is your subscription? Pay up
and help us make the Blade full size
and reach you on time every week.

DR. DABNEY

AND THE UNIVERSITY OF CIN-
CINNATI.

I received very elegant cards invit-
ing me to the ceremonies of the inau-
guration of my nephew, Dr. Dabney,
as president of the University of Cin-
cinnati.

I did not go. Thompson, the United
States judge who sent me to the pen-
itentiary, swore him into office. I
would not like to be in any gang
where Thompson would be recognized
as a fit associate.

Naturally my prejudices would be
for Dabney, and I would brag on the
relationship if he were the kind of a
man I admire.

But he is not. He holds his posi-
tion because he is a religious bigot
and because Ayers who preceded
him was an infidel, and because men
like Thompson and Fleishman the
yeast man, are in power.

I have just read Dabney's inaugural
address. It contains 42 reverential al-
lusions to religion, and there is noth-
ing in it but old hackneyed platitudes
about education, except in a few in-
stances in which Dabney accepts and
teaches the contentions that infidelity
has lately established.

In his conclusion from one of these
he is wrong. He says:

"The characteristic which distin-
guishes man from the lower animal is
his power to advance himself inde-
pendently of heredity and natural se-
lection."

He, to be scientific, should have put
"environment" for "natural selection"
and that is probably what he meant,
but he was wrong.

No man can advance himself inde-
pendently of heredity and environ-
ment. Every man is exactly what
these make him—nothing more, noth-
ing less.

If any of you who read this are
influenced by what these say, it is
because you have inherited such a
thinking capacity, or have been sur-
rounded by such circumstances, as
that what I say is adapted to your
understanding. You deserve no cred-
it for thinking as I do and no rebuke
for declining to think as I do.

Dr. Dabney is what he is because
he is the son of a Presbyterian preach-
er who worshiped John Calvin and
Stonewall Jackson and was chaplain
Jackson killed thousands of his fel-
lowmen because they did not believe
that slavery was right, but Jackson
not only would not write a letter on
Sunday but would not mail one so
that it would have to travel on Sun-
day.

President Dabney is just what he
was unfortunately born, and can't get
over it, and he will make others like
he is.

All the great schools of America
are becoming infidel, or are now in-
fidel, and the University of Cincinnati
will be nothing more than a Presby-
terian gospel shop.

An instance of the recognition of
infidel science, by Dr. Dabney is as
follows:
"The work begun in darkness and
chaos, in world-mist and vaporous ne-
bulae, in seething suns and cooling
planets; the life born on land and in
sea; in grass, herb and fruit; in fish,
fowl and creeping things—all this un-
rolling matter and all this ascending
life—has its culmination in man, its
completion in his education."

Certainly this does not sound like
the account in Genesis that says God
made everything in six days, about
6,000 years ago, and made man out
of dust and woman out of a crooked
bone taken out of the man.

But Dr. Dabney cannot help paying
tribute to infidelity and blasting
Christianity.

He says:

"We have a striking illustration be-
fore us to-day in the humiliation of
Russia by Japan. The power that for
ages has held its own people in bonds
and persecuted the Jews and all other
aliens, the dynasty that stole the Bal-
tic provinces, murdered Poland, and
seeks now to smother all the liberty
and learning that lives in unhappy
Finland, has found its judge and exe-
cutioner at last in a little people
whose virtues, exhibited in a devotion
and patriotism never surpassed, and a
splendid testimony to the power of
righteousness to exalt a nation. Every
believer in humankind, every lover

of justice and truth, hails Japan to-
day as a glorious example of what edu-
cation can do for a people."

Strange that any educated man can
speak such words and remain a Chris-
tian, and in one speech make 42 rever-
ential allusions to the Christian church.

Russia is the very highest example
of true Christianity in all the world.
Its religion, the Greek Catholic, is the
only Christianity that came directly
from the original Greek manuscripts
of the New Testament.

The Roman Catholic church gets its
religion second-handed, and all Pro-
testantism gets its religion third-hand-
ed, except in those cases when it gets
it fourth-handed.

Rome got her paganism and her
Christianity both from Greece.

The Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem
looks down on the Pope of Rome as
Pius X would look down upon little
Jack McGarvey in Lexington, if Joe
knew Jack.

But, with all that, the Christian Un-
iversity President, Dabney, says, just
as all infidels do, that the Russians
are the most depraved people on
earth, and that the Japs, who are all
atheists, are the greatest people on
earth.

"What fools these mortals be!"

I am not responsible for the bad
grammar printed in the extracts from
the speech of Dr. Dabney. Grammar
don't count if the Christian religion is
all properly boosted.

The grammar is good enough for a
judge like Thompson, and for a mayor
who made a fortune by learning how
to make yeast in a brewery.

"On with the dance!"

SAME OLD CHARGE.

The case of the Rt. Rev. Talbott is
pretty much the same as that which
is commonly going on between preach-
ers and pretty women in their flocks,
but this case is a little more pronoun-
ced than common.

Irvine was an Episcopal preacher in
charge of a church at Huntington,
Pennsylvania, and seems to have
been a fair kind of a man, considering
that he was a preacher.

Irvine had as a leader in his church
and of the fashionable society of that
country, Mrs. Emma D. Elliott.

Elliott is her fourth husband. She
got divorces from two of her husbands
and the third one got a divorce from
her.

She is 60 years old and is said to
still be a ravishing beauty.

The account of her in the New
York World says:

A Striking Woman at Sixty.
"Standing in the center of all this
luxury, Mrs. Elliott received her vis-
itor. She is a tall woman with snow
white hair that frames a strikingly
handsome face. Her eyes are jet
black and keen as a rapier point.

The face is small and oval, and not
a single line or wrinkle shows on the
smooth, ivory-white skin.

Still more surprising than the ab-
sence of wrinkles in the face of this
remarkable woman, who must be at
least sixty years, is the red-fulness
of her lips, and the almost girlish
dimple close to each corner of the
small, thoroughbred mouth."

The picture of this Rt. Rev. Talbott
shows him to be an exceedingly hand-
some man.

Talbott went to Huntington, profes-
sedly to see Irvine and his church.

Talbott saw Emma and the racket
began. Emma soured on Irvine—prob-
ably not so good looking as Talbott
and not a Bishop.

Emma said Irvine had appropriated
for his own use some money that
she gave him for the missionary fund.
Irvine denied it.

That was something over two years
ago. About two years ago there was
a grand powwow of Episcopal big
bugs in California.

J. Priest Morgan had a whole spec-
ial train from New York to California
and the accounts of the luxury with
which Morgan carried a train load of
Episcopal Bishops and their women to
California, read like a fairy tale—yes
beat the fairy tales; Cinderella just
wasn't in it.

Irvine went along, and, at the pow-
wow, undertook to expose Talbott.
But Talbott got the start of Irvine,
and completely ruined him—"unfrock-
ed" him, they call it; that is took
away his mosquito bar night shirt that
he preaches in.

Irvine and his wife were so dis-
graced that they fell into abject pov-

erty and despair, and were both near-
ly dead.

Somebody has recently revived the
whole matter without Irvine's know-
ing anything about it, and it begins
to appear that Talbott is a consum-
mate scoundrel and that he and Em-
ma, in order to hide their own vil-
lainy, had made a scheme to ruin Ir-
vine that has worked successfully for
about two years.

A paragraph regarding the charges
against Talbott reads as follows:

"The presentment is based on this
letter," says Mr. Noble. "It is in the
hands of the Rev. Dr. W. B. Bodine,
of Philadelphia. It charged Bishop
Talbott with 'a criminal libel,' 'immor-
ality—to wit, false statements,' 'the
circulation of a false, malicious and
defamatory report,' 'falsifying,' 'breach
of ordination and consecration vows' and
'conduct unbecoming a Bishop.'"

Mrs. Elliott was interviewed by a
reporter for the New York World,
and it gives the following:

"Now, do not ask me to discuss this
wretched person, Irvine," cried Mrs.
Elliott, with a quick shrug of the
graceful shoulders and just the faint-
est toss of the shapely head.

"He is a most dangerous person—
quite unwholesome, you know—not
really fit for polite discussion," and
Mrs. Elliott displayed a white and per-
fect set of teeth in a smile that grew
into a merry laugh.

"Why, the shabby fellow," she hur-
ried on, "would really make it appear
that the Bishop was in love with me
or that I was flirting with the Bishop."

"I really forget in just what form
the man puts his absurdity," continued
Mrs. Elliott, with a contemptuous
smile and a crushing accent on the
word "man."

"But, of course it is all perfectly
ridiculous," and the speaker sank lan-
guidly into an easy chair, as though
utterly weary of the whole mat-
ter.

"Why, I am an old woman," she
continued, with a deep sigh, while her
alert black eyes flew to the inter-
viewer's face to note the effect.

"Me flirt with the Bishop? Why,
my eldest son is thirty-four years old,
and I am a grandmother besides. I
am old—really old!" and genuine
pathos rang for an instant in the fine-
ly modulated voice. It was gone in an
instant.

"Did you ever see Bishop Talbott's
wife? No?"

"Well, you may take my word for it
that she is a charming woman. With
such a wife the Bishop could waste
no tender sentiment upon an old wo-
man and a grandmother."

I don't think that any intelligent
person will doubt that this is only an-
other one of the very many cases of
rascality between preachers and the
pretty women in their churches, this
woman only being older than they
generally are.

A later Associated Press report
says:

It is made clear from developments
tonight that several women's names
will be brought into the case."

THE JAP-RUSSIAN WAR.

When Prof. Tyndall, the infidel,
proposed to some Christians, to test
the efficiency of prayer, by having cer-
tain preachers to pray for the pa-
tients in one-half of a hospital and not
for those in the other half, to see if
there would be any difference in the
recoveries of the two parts, the Chris-
tians would not go into the experi-
ment and denounced the proposition
as being sacrilege and blasphemy and
Tyndall's proposition was ridiculed as
a "prayer gauge."

In the Jap-Russian war, however,
there has been a test of the efficacy
of prayer on a scale a thousand times
as great as that proposed by Tyndall.

The Russians are the largest gov-
ernment in the world and are the
most genuine of all the Christians in
the world—are the original Christians
who got the religion in the Greek lan-
guage in which the New Testament
was written.

They have, from the beginning of
the war, trusted in God and prayer to
give them the victory.

Stoessel in reporting the fall of
Port Arthur to the Czar says:

"We are happy to greet our Sover-
eign and offer our respectful homage
to your Imperial Majesty on the occa-
sion of your name day, from Port Ar-
thur, which we now have held for

eleven months with the help of God
and your prayers."

The surrender occurred on Sunday
the day sacred in the Christian relig-
ion, as if God was trying, as far as
possible, to show his displeasure at
Christianity.

The Japs on the other hand, one
of the smartest nations of the earth,
have done all their great work with-
out any prayer, or any reliance on any
God, and have been noble and gener-
ous to their fallen foe so as to stand
in marked contrast with the brutality
that the Russians have shown in
their dealings with the Jews, simply
because the Jews are infidels, though
Jesus was a Jew.

If the Russians had defeated the
Japs the Christians would have said
it was a signal triumph of Christiani-
ty over infidelity, because the Chris-
tian Russians trusted in God and
prayed to him.

Now, however, that the Japs seem
certain to defeat the Russians, the
Christians are planning to claim that
a victory of the infidel Japs over the
Christian Russians is a victory for
Christianity after all.

Under the head "Faith of the Jap-
anese," the Lexington Herald (Pres-
byterian) has an article that begins
as follows:

"The old military class in Japan
furnishes splendid material for the
making of Christians and it is count-
ed fortunate for the churches, as well
as remarkable, that so many of this
class have accepted the God of the
Christians in lieu of the petty Daim-
ios, who commanded them in life or
death prior to the new era. An in-
cident of the present war with Russia
shows how firmly has been implant-
ed the Christian faith among the offi-
cers of the army. The story was told
by a Japanese ex-member of Parlia-
ment, who spoke at a service in the
Presbyterian mission church at Niiga-
ta."

This is simply the old game, "Heads
I win; tails you lose."

It did not, from the beginning, in
the mind of the Christian, make any
difference how a war between infidels
and Christians terminated, it was, by
them, predetermined to be claimed as
a victory for Christianity.

"You can fool some of the people
all the time, and you can fool all of
the people some times, but you can't
fool all of the people all the time."

Rev. R. A. Bolen, Baptist, was ar-
rested and fined \$14.50 for disorder
in church.

Rev. Dr. William J. McKittrick,
Presbyterian, St. Louis, says Abbott
got his atheism from Spencer, and
says that Abbott has undermined the
Christian faith of 100,000 young peo-
ple.

JESUS 'CHRIST AND INGERSOLL.

I have never been a worshiper of
Ingersoll—he had too much money
and lived too easy for me—and I have
tried to be as easy on Jesus Christ as
possible, because he is dead and has
no relatives in my neighborhood;
though he has kin folks in the cloth-
ing store business in Lexington.

But Ingersoll is dead too, and I
knew old Bob personally and he was
fairly clever to me and I never met
J. C. though I have bumbled around
his old stamping ground right smart,
and think it quite possible that those
fellows who wrote about him, in the
New Testament, have done him injus-
tice.

Altogether I think I am in good
shape to do justice to the two dead
men.

I have just been reading, on this
New Year Sabbath morn, some utter-
ances from J. C. and some from old
Bob and it seems to me that old Bob
clean got away with J. C.

Some expressions from J. C. are as
follows:

"Woe unto you, scribes and Phar-
isees, hypocrites! for ye devour wid-
ow's houses, and for a pretense make
long prayer; therefore ye shall re-
ceive the greater damnation."

"Woe unto you, scribes and Phar-
isees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea
and land to make one proselyte, and
when he is made ye make him two-
fold more the child of hell than your-
selves."

"Hypocrites! for ye make clean the
outside of the cup and platter, but
within they are like unto whited se-
pulchers, which indeed appear beauti-
ful outward, but are within full of

dead men's bones and of all unclean-
ness. Even so ye also outwardly ap-
pear righteous unto men, but within
ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity."

"Ye serpents, ye generation of vip-
ers, how can ye escape the damnation
of hell?"

On the other hand when old Bob
got to talking about hypocrites this
is the way he talked:

"Sacred are the lips from which has
issued only truth. Over all wealth,
above all stations, above the noble
the robed and crowned, rises the sin-
cere man. Happy is the man who
neither paints nor patches, veils nor
veneers! Blessed is he who wears no
mask."

Of course anybody, even a preacher
—though the preacher will, of course,
lie about it—can see that Robert clear
got away with J. C. on nice talk.

The trouble with J. C. was that he
was too much like I am. He knew
that all priests and preachers are
liars and hypocrites, and he did not
have sense enough to keep his mouth
shut, but just ripped out whatever
came first into his mind, and cursed
out the whole gang, and so they hung
him and sent me to the penitentiary.
But it was a big advertisement for
both of us.

SUNDAY LAW IN LEXINGTON.

On October 2, 1904, the preachers
in Lexington, with a grand flourish
of trumpets, inaugurated a Sunday
law.

They stopped milk wagons, ice wa-
gons, barber shops, bootblacks and sa-
loons (?) and proposed to stop news-
papers, but the newspapers did not
stop.

On the third Sunday, after the en-
forcement of the law, a most horrible
murder occurred in a saloon.

On Sunday, January 1st, 1905, work-
men were building, right in the heart
of the city, on one of the biggest
buildings ever put up in the city.

If the preachers persist in trying to
force their religion on the people we
will soon have no Sabbath, at all, and,
therefore, have no day for the college
teams to play football on, and our col-
leges would all have to close for the
want of patronage.

EXTRA PAPERS.

We have printed extra copies of
this issue believing that there will
be a capp for them owing to Dr. Wil-
son's "Annual Message," which many
of you will want the clergy and oth-
ers of your communities to read.

The whole battle ground of supersti-
tion is exposed in this general re-
view and it ought to be of interest to
the clergy to know how they appear
from the Free thought heights.

Send in your orders and circulate
this issue, 12 for 25 cents.

(From the Searchlight.)

The Blue Grass Blade complains
that of its four thousand subscribers,
twenty-five hundred do not pay, while
The Truth Seeker, which is rated as
having three thousand, says some two
thousand are in arrears. The Search-
light has to do some hard dunning
now and then, but its proportion of
delinquents is not that large.

Cameron, Mo.—I don't often write
you and the reason is I never went to
school much. I have read your paper
every week for four years. I have,
for a long time, believed like you
write. You make it so plain that
though I have not gone to school
much I can see the points you make.
I have read Dog Fennel and it pleas-
ed me. I read the Truth Seeker and
Ingersoll. I am more than pleased
with the way you are going to do the
fellows who read your paper and don't
pay for it. They are too small to get
any good out of it. I detest a fellow
that will read and say "That is the
best paper that is printed," and then
never pay for it. When I saw that you
were going to make us pay or stop
our papers I said "Bully for Moore!"
I did not think it meant me until I
saw the next Blade and saw I was
one of them. I enclose \$2. I want the
Blade to live if it's only half size.—
A. J. UHL.

Send Dog Fennel in the Orient as
a New Year's gift to your friends. We
have them at \$1 postage paid.

Start the new year right by paying
up your subscription to the Blade.